

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE INQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18, 1835.

No. 47.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## A QUESTION TO MEN OF BUSINESS, IS YOUR "SUCCESS SUCCESSFUL?"

WITH SOME REMARKS ON THE INTEREST OF PARENTS  
IN THEIR CHILDREN'S EDUCATION.

(BRING THE SEQUEL OF 'SPECULATIONS ON MY  
GRANDFATHER.')

THERE are certain important objects towards which men, in coming into life, are all supposed to aim, or towards which their attention is to be directed; on the one side, virtue and talents, by which the esteem and respect of society are to be gained; and, on the other, a certain competency and station in life which are to insure their holder ease and reasonable distinction. But the former of these acquirements, capacity and virtue, as a general rule, we may state to be unattainable by any person if neglected in youth, and left to his own bias; and, that the latter objects are as certainly to be attained by personal exertions alone, if the foundation of honour and capacity has been timely laid. In other words, a man may make his own fortunes, but he cannot himself form the individual capable of achieving them with honour.

Reason, therefore, points out to us the course which their feelings and natural affection would lead men to pursue, the course which is the most simple and pleasant in performance, and the correct and only true one. And what is that course? That, leaving future exaltation in life to their own exertions, men should devote themselves to the healthy, physical, and moral training of their children; or, consider that exaltation rather as a secondary consideration, than as the primary object (for there lies the evil), as life, in most cases, affords time for the effecting of both. And where the former object only is attained, a young person, whose faculties, mental, and corporeal, are fully developed by the care which demands, at least, the superintendence of a parent, if left at that moment unprovided and unfriended in the world, is better endowed than the slighted boy to whom a father has left the produce of years of toil—years devoted to the pursuit of riches, and the neglect of the education and preparation of his heir. In fact, this parent is like a decocter of medicinal poisons, who, keeping his son in ignorance of his art, leaves at his death, the key of his laboratory in the hands of the unpractised youth. He enters—tastes of everything, and dies.

It may here be objected to me, that I am arguing against fancied evils—that parents divide, at the very least, their time between the *training* and the *enriching* of their children. I shall be happy if every body, upon strict examination, find this to be the real state of the case. But I deny that it is so; and examination, or mere observation, will prove to all that my assertion is nearest the truth. The higher classes, of course, are not implicated in these observations. Where neglect does exist among them, it bears a deeper taint than that of the merchant or tradesman; for the latter have the excuse that they are labouring in what appears to them to be the likeliest mode of ensuring the happiness of their children—a worldly provision; but the former have no excuse, save that pleasure and selfish enjoyment have an eloquence deeper and more persuasive in their ears than the voice of natural duty.

Putting aside, then, all classes, except those which

are stationary and established in certain spots—men of business, men holding clerkships, and others similarly situated—we shall find that very many of these, from one reason or another, decline the personal superintendence of their children's education. Many are sent away to distant schools, for months at a time, and a few (more fortunate!) to public schools in the parent's vicinity. Pleased with this last step in improvement, men who have the sense to go so far are contented, and sit down well satisfied, for their children are under their own eye. Good. But does that eye really watch them? Is it upon their every act—does it read their hearts, and study their thoughts? If the eye of the parent does not act thus, it is to little avail that the child is within its reach. On the contrary, there is great danger in a *watch*, when that watch sleepeth.

I repeat, does *the eye* act thus? "No, how can it? 'Business must be attended to.' I have every confidence in Dr —, or in Professor —. The boy has trifling faults, but really I have no time to conquer them. Time will abate them."

This is the answer I get. Ask another after his son, and the reply is, "Oh! he is going on very well I dare say by this time; he was a terrible dunce, to be sure, but [one has no time to look after these things, you know. I have not seen him for these three months. By the way, I have been working night and day for the last month, and shall lay by for him a few more odd hundreds. Let his master furnish his head—his mother look after his health, *I'll* look to the lining of his purse." There is the evil; and, between the three, the chances are that, thirty years after, the proceeds will be a diseased and impoverished fool.

"But, granting men in general the will, have they power or capacity to educate or rather to superintend the education of their children?" Perhaps not in the details. But let them do their best; the world will afford another generation after them, and their sons, so educated, will carry on the holy work in their turn. And besides, a very great deal comes with love and ardent determination. Granting that they employ other heads than their own, constant attention will teach them to detect what is wrong, and to distinguish whether it springs from the master or from the scholar. Men are shrewd enough in judging of the capabilities of one another in business, and of the degree of credit which they may give to a stranger—there is nothing about those who trade in education which renders them invulnerable to like scrutiny. Common sense is often better than apprenticeship. If a man cannot judge, "of his own knowledge," of the extent of that of another, who may perhaps know more, and yet not enough, there are others more capable, in whose judgment and honour he can confide. If left ignorant, and thrown intirely on his own resources, he can judge by effects: if he cannot *prove* the master's Latinity or Atticism, he can, at least, discover how much the pupil profits; he can always judge of the sentiments and mode of thinking and acting of the instructor by their fruits in the instructed, and these latter are the important points, after all. "These things demand much of a man's time!" I know it—it is for that time that I contend. "But his attention is due to other matters." There is no other matter so important, after a man has provided for the physical wants of his family.

The life of an individual was devoted to the training and education of Emile. This is extravagant; but it is but one of the extreme points to which men have flown, and Rousseau's proposal was certainly the least preposterous, and the most amiable. He would thus have men spend their time intirely on the well-bringing up of their offspring (none but a parent could follow up his idea), whereas men have chosen to depute the task intirely to others.

It may very possibly be said, that the kind of parental devotion here argued for, is out of the way and romantic, and that no man in his senses, who had the business of life to attend to, could entertain it for a moment. But what does the business of life prove to be, if contemplated *in toto*—his position as a member of society, and the finite nature of man, considered? Is it merely the advancement of a man's self, or the introduction, on his part, of beings fitted to take up the ideas, and to carry on the work of the father? He who has the noblest ends in view for the benefit of society, need not repine when called upon to leave them, if he can leave behind him a son capable of prosecuting his good work. The world is doubly his debtor. It benefits by his works, and, moreover, he has perpetuated his virtues and his talents—(*genius* is not the question.) But it is a sorrowful consideration, which I think will prove true, that most of us *feel* that the good which is not done in our time—good that is not done by us, might as well not be done at all. So much for our philanthropy. This is, however, a principle which any man would blush to acknowledge; therefore I am not bound to give it any consideration; but repeat—that men, taught by experience their own defects and failings towards the world, should take care that he who is to succeed them shall be prepared to act his part better; or, on the other hand, that men whose abilities have rendered them a blessing in their generation, should labour that their immediate descendant fall not short in the same noble course.

Looking at the question quite on the worldly side, it will prove that where talent and good principles have been cultivated, a fortune of their own beginning, fostered by their own industry, has reached a greater height than when commenced under what are termed "happier auspices." There is nothing like *beginning well*; and a man who begins the world only with spirit, the growth of a good education, with loving friends—ever the proceeds of a good education, and the industry generated as much by good education as by necessity, is the man who begins well. There can be no doubt as to what is here included in the term *good education*:—a thorough education in goodness, and sound training, mental and corporeal.

Let us imagine a half-educated and not very young man, toiling night and day for a sum which he destines for a beloved child. Meanwhile, he is careful, as the world goes, as to his bringing up. It would be a painful task to catechize him on his aim and end, for his own replies must put his illusion to flight. It is his wish to leave a competency behind, or rather, as is more often the case, riches—swelled to the utmost extent his length of life shall admit. He is a man of sense: let me ask him, whether he respects others by reason of their possessions, farther than as buyers and employers? No. Riches, then,

do not even purchase the respect of those whose respect is anything but a name, or a courteous term for flattery. Let me ask him, whether his thousands in cash shield him from as many racking cares and anxieties, to which he was not subject when a younger man? No; on the contrary, he almost suspects that his cares have gathered with his wealth. In short, did he ever discover that gold could purchase either love, health, youth, or peace of mind? No—no—no: he will tell you that he is no fool! I must suppose, however, for his own consistency's sake, that he has discovered a mart; and in that case for the love of heaven let him purchase those inestimable treasures himself, and lay them up for his heir; for the chances are, that the latter will forget them, and expend his wealth in commodities of a very different character.

"It is necessary, he will next say, that he should guard against accidents: how does he know that his boy will ever be able to toil for himself?" A very just precaution, truly. And while we are upon accidents, he would do better still to guard against the possibility of that child's not being fit for anything in case of the accident of his losing all his easily-gained fortune. This is a kind of accident which falls out every day. "But men in business bring their children up in business, and they are consequently not left to the mercy of chance." Unfortunately, in cases like the one which I am supposing, business has been rendered a matter of indifference to the youth; he considers it a wearisome and unworthy employment, and takes the first opportunity to retire from it, as a blot on the escutcheon that he contemplates.

"It is his wish," he says, "that his son should make his way into good society, and be the equal of his company in after-life." But if it is intended to commence and to proceed by the introduction which wealth affords to all, how mistaken are the means! For a man cannot live for ever upon an introduction,—not even of such a powerful friend. His own qualifications will be brought to the test. Again, much depends on my objector's ideas as to what constitutes equality in society, even where birth is overlooked. What will render his son the equal of the best company? Is it that he shall be able to vie with any other person in doing credit to the cutting-out talents of a tailor; or, in the super-fineness of his broad-cloth? or shall he be on a par with his neighbour in the splendour of his equipage, or the livery of his servants? If his friend dine off plate, that he shall be able to produce his silver service also, only more splendid? If another build a wing to his house, he can immediately add two to his mansion? Are these his ideas of being on an equality with the world? The proofs of the emptiness of ambition like this are almost too common to need repetition. For having taken a decided step in advance of the individual who only boasts his plain service, he will begin to discover with disgust that his silver is eclipsed by another's gold. Having built his two wings, he finds that mansion, wings, and all, is but a sorry hut, in comparison with the palace of some neighbouring Cressus.

Having thus taken much thought for his son, and left him the produce of his toil, that "no man may look down upon him," and left him nothing else; the latter may chance to discover, if gifted with common sense, that to form one of a circle, not more than his equals in age and natural talents, and listen while others discourse on subjects of which he is totally ignorant, is to be below his company.

From want of reading, experience, habit, and observation, to be unable to yield information on any of the many topics incident to conversation, is to be below his company.

To visit the workshop of the industrious in manufactures, and, having eyes, see not to any purpose of comprehension or instruction, is to be there below his company.

Disqualified by want of ability, to have no "voice in the commonwealth," is to be below the mark in society.

These failures he will speedily discover himself; and there are many other defaults in his title to equality, which the world will speedily discover for him. Among many worse, I name one: If, when the world is struggling all but unanimously towards the same noble end, the amelioration of the mortal existence of man, *he*, from ignorance, or motives of self-interest, shall be the one to choke up the wholesome current; then surely will he be below the company of his fellow men.

I have noticed, in a minor way, that a man, even in privacy, seated with book in hand alone, where he could least dread a competitor, may still find himself below his company. He is not prepared for his author; and the slightest approach to erudition or poetic feeling in what he is reading throws him out. That is rather degrading, where opportunities have been lost!

Thus I have endeavoured to prove the futility of all attempts for the future welfare of our sons, which are not based on a thorough training in good principles and education. Much might be said on the miseries parents ensure for themselves, when they erect a golden calf as the object of the love and aspiration of their children; in so doing, they fly from the right point in two ways—they misapply their time, as has been shown, and they throw temptation in the way of those who are the least prepared to encounter it. How much, how very much, of family dissension, the most hateful of hatreds, takes its rise from this source! But this is a picture that every man can best colour for himself.

It would be agreeable to enlarge, as a relief to the scene, on the happiness felt by those who take right views, and act accordingly, of their duties towards their families. But the thing has been done so often, and so well, that the reader's recollection will be the best authority I can refer to on the subject. Two names I must be allowed to cite anon. But there is yet another subject.

It may appear to some, that too much stress is here laid upon the influence of reading, or upon the inaptitude of a man for study. Such persons would not think so, if that love had ever touched them—if they had ever been indebted to study for one burst of enthusiasm—for one consoling or forgetful hour—for having weaned them from one weakness, or acted as a counter-allurement to one vice. If I say that pure and refined tastes are the best guardians a man can invoke around his child, I shall provoke the charge of saying what everybody knows; but, surely, they are in contradiction with themselves who, *knowing this*, also care not to see their children studious. Gibbon declared that he would not exchange his love of reading for the treasures of the Indies: and we are not to suppose that it was because he was indebted to his studies for the materials of his great work, that he so loved his books. They had been his friends from youth. His 'History' is worth the ransom of imperial Rome, but I doubt whether the philosopher would not have sacrificed that—or rather an equal fame, to his love of mental acquirement. Happily the pursuits were the same.

"Les premiers jours du printemps ont moins de grâce que la vertu naissante d'un jeune homme." The first days of spring have less of beauty than the growing virtues of a young man. These are the words of one of the most truth-telling and fanciful of writers—Rochefoucauld. I leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from his observations, and proceed to quote some beautiful lines from a right-thinking native poet, bearing on the same subject:—

"The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,  
And the swart seaman, sailing far below,  
Not undelighted watch the morning ray  
Purpling the orient—till it breaks away,  
And burns and blazes into glorious day;  
But happier still is he who bends to trace  
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face;  
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,  
The thoughts and passions stirring into life;

The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,  
The giant waking from his tenfold trance,  
Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,  
And all is light within the trembling frame!  
What then a Father's feelings? Joy and fear  
In turn prevail; joy most; and through the year  
Tempering the ardent, urging night and day  
Him who shrinks back or wanders from the way,  
Praising each highly,—from a wish to raise  
Their merits to the level of his praise,  
Onward in their observing sight he moves,  
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves!  
Their sacred presence who shall dare profane?  
Who, when He slumbers, hope to fix a stain?  
He lives a model, in his life to show,  
That, when he dies and through the world they go,  
Some men may pause and say, when some admire,  
"They are his sons, and worthy of their sire!"

—ROGERS.

T. R.

#### CHARLES LAMB.

[This interesting tribute to the memory of its excellent subject, now, we believe, first given intire in a periodical work, is from the pen of the "Bookseller of the Poets," Mr Moxon,—himself (and with no disparagement either in the antithesis) a Poet among Booksellers;—a rare title, and very encouraging for his literary brethren.]

WITHIN a few months of each other we have lost two remarkable men—Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Charles Lamb. They were schoolfellows, read together, first published together, and were undivided even in Death! When we last saw the latter—sad recollection!—he said he was ever thinking of his friend. He is now with him and for ever! It is of Charles Lamb only that we wish to speak.

No man was ever more sincerely regretted, or will be longer remembered by his friends. Happily we see the brighter after our sorrows; and the object of our grief, in a short time, becomes a star that we can gaze at with pleasure. Fair, fair shall be the flowers that spring over thy tomb, dear, gentle Elia! sweet shall be the song—sweet as thine own—that shall lure the wanderer to the spot where thy urn receives the tears of the stranger. Thither my feet shall repair in spring time and in harvest; thither will I lead thy votaries, and there shall they drink of the lucid waters that well from the memory of thy gentle life, thou kindest of human creatures!

Perchance, Reader, it was not thy good fortune to know our inimitable friend. Thou hast not been with him in his walks; and to walk with him was to converse with the immortal dead,—with Chaucer and with Sidney,—with Spenser and with Shakespeare,—with Burton and with Sir Thomas Brown,—with Fuller and with Jeremy Taylor,—and with Milton, and those elder dramatists, who were to him a first love, and, as such, cherished through life. Thou hast not been his guest; nor sat among his books—goodly folios in quaint bindings—in rooms scantily furnished, but rich in the gifts of genius, walls hung round with Raphaels and Da Vincis, with Poussins and Titians, and the works of the incomparable Hogarth! Thou wert not a visitor in the temple, nor an evening listener to choice—hardly choice where all were good—passages from Milton, over the finest of which the worshipping spirit of the reader always wept; but his tears were those of admiration, drops that blotted out, as it were, ages of neglect! On his old favourites his eyes rested even in death! Sacred to the owner will be the volume he last bent over, with its page folded down—so ever let it remain—on thy life, accomplished Sidney! From thyself, if aught earthly in heaven be permitted, perchance he may learn thy story, and there walk side by side with those whom in idea he lived with while on earth. Nor hast thou seen him a solitary, wandering among the cloisters of Christ's Hospital—nor in the Quadrangles at Oxford, nor at Twickenham, where he often spent his holidays—red-letter days as he called them—nor at Hampton Court, which he preferred—so truly



English was his mind—to Versailles; nor in the India House, where he was loved for his goodness of heart, and for his jokes and his puns—he was a punster, and a good one;—nor in his ramblings in the neighbourhood of Cheshunt, and Southgate, and Ware, and Tottenham High Cross, and on the banks of the Lea, thinking of Walton and his plain-mindedness! nor latterly at Waltham, nor at Winchmore, nor in the green lanes about Enfield, where, on a summer's evening, he would walk with his amiable sister, his almost inseparable companion of forty years.

As, Reader, thou hast not seen the living Elia—would that thou hadst, for thou wouldst ever have remembered his sweet smile, and the gentleness of his heart—turn to his books, there thou mayst imagine him, kindlier than he was thou canst not; and he will yet guide thee to old haunts and to familiar faces, which thou wilt hereafter think of with delight. He will conduct thee to the Old South-Sea House—once his own—and to Oxford, where thou wilt meet with George Dyer (George is worthy thy knowing), or he will sit with thee the old year out, and quote the old poets, and that beautiful line in his friend's ode—

“I saw the skirts of the departing year;”

or he will introduce thee to Mrs Battle, who, next to her devotions, loved a game at whist; or he will pleasantly shake his cap and bells with thee on the first of April; or accompany thee to a Quakers' Meeting; or describe to thee the Old and the New Schoolmaster; or tell a delightful story—no fiction—of Valentine's Eve, or take thee with him, Bridget Elia by his side—thou wilt love Bridget—on a visit to his relations,

“Through the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire;”

or he will discourse to thee on modern gallantry, or point out to thee the old Benchers of the Inner Temple; or describe to thee his first visit to Old Drury, and introduce thee to his old favourites—now forgotten; or thou shalt hear him—for he loved those whom none loved—speak in the purest strain of humanity in praise of chimney-sweepers, “innocent blacknesses,” as he calls them, and of beggars, and lament the decay of the latter; or he will rouse thy fancy, and make thy mouth water with his savoury dissertation on roast pig (many were the porklings that graced his table, kind presents from admiring and unknown correspondents); or take thee with him in the old Margate Hoy to the sea-side, or introduce thee to his friend Captain Jackson; or discourse to thee of himself—the convalescent and the superannuated man; or on old china, or on old books—on the latter with what relish! or of Barbara S. (Miss Kelly), or of Alice (his first love), or of Bridget Elia (his sister), or tell thee the sweet story of Rosamund Gray. Let these, reader, if thou art a lover of thy Kind and of the beautiful, have a by-place in thy mind; they will not only please thy imagination, but enlarge thy heart, its sphere of action, and its humane capabilities. They will lead thee to new sources of delight—springs fresh as the waters of Horeb; and thou wilt become acquainted with men famous in their generation. Occasionally, if thou art a reader of modern books only, thou mayest imagine him quaint, but thou wilt find him free from conceits, and always natural. Others may have affected the language of an older age, but with him it was no adoption.

He always spoke as he wrote, and did both as he felt; and his Letters—they were unpremeditated—are in the style of his other writings; they are in many respects equal, in some superior, to his Essays; for the bloom, the freshness of the author's mind, is still upon them. In his humour there is much to touch the heart and to reflect upon; it is of a serious cast, somewhat like that of Cervantes. In the jokes which he would throw out, the offspring of the moment, there was often more philosophy than in the premeditated sayings of other men. He was an admirable critic, and was always willing to exercise the art he so much excelled in for the fame of others. We have seen him almost blind with poring over the

endless and illegible manuscripts that were submitted to him. On these occasions, how he would long to find out something good, something that he could speak kindly of; for to give another pain (as he writes in a letter now before us) was to give himself greater! He lived in the past, yet no man ever had a larger share of sympathy for those around him. He loved his friends, and showed it substantially by numberless tokens, and was as sincerely loved in return. He had, like other men, his failings; but they were such, that he was loved rather for them than in spite of them. Enemies he had none. For upwards of forty years he devoted his life to the happiness of his sister, for whom he had a most affectionate regard, and for whose comfort he would gladly have laid down his own life; and she, not less devoted, for him would have sacrificed her own. He preferred—we use his own words—even her occasional wanderings to the sense and sanity of the world.

Their minds were congenial, so were their lives, and they beautifully walked together—theirs was a blended existence—to the hour of his dissolution. His charities, for his humble means, surpassed those of most men. He had for some years upon his bounty three pensioners! Generous and noble must have been the heart of him that, out of his slender income, could allow his old schoolmistress thirty pounds per annum! What self-denial! What folios this sum would have purchased for him! Well we remember the veneration with which we used to look upon the old lady—for she remembered Goldsmith! He had once lent her his poems to read. We often lament that he did not give them to her; but the author of the ‘Vicar of Wakefield’ was poor.

Kind surely must have been the disposition of him who sought out the nurse that attended the last moments of Coleridge, (whom living he adored and dead thus honoured,) that on her head he might pour out the overflows of the irresistible goodness of his nature. He gave her five pounds; but this we did not learn from himself! These were but trifles; yet of such was the life of this the most amiable of men made up.

His tastes, in many respects, were most singular. He preferred Wardour street and Seven Dials to fields that were Elysian. The disappearance of the old clock from St Dunstan's Church drew tears from him; nor could he ever pass without emotion the place where Exeter Change once stood. The removal had spoiled a reality in Gay. The passer-by, he said, no longer saw “the combs dangle in his face.” This almost broke his heart. He had no taste for flowers or green fields; he preferred the high road. The Garden of Eden, he used to say, must have been a dull place. He had a strong aversion to roast beef and to fowls, and to any wines but port or sherry. Tripe and cow-heel were to him delicacies—rare dainties!

All his books were without portraits; nor did he ever preserve, with two exceptions, a single letter. He had a humorous method of testing the friendship of his visitors; it was, whether in their walks they would taste the tap of mine host at the Horse-Shoe, or at the Rose and Crown, or at the Rising Sun! But a member of the Temperance Society, on these occasions, could not have been more abstemious. A single glass would suffice. We have seen ladies enter with him—the fastidious Barbara S.; and great poets—the author of the ‘Excursion’ himself! He was no politician, though, in his youth, he once assisted to draw through the streets Charles James Fox! Nor was he a man of business. He could not pack up a trunk, nor tie up a parcel. Yet he was methodical, punctual in his appointments, and an excellent pay-master. A debt haunted him! He could not live in another person's books! He wished to leave a friend a small sum of money; but “to have done with the thing,” as he said, gave it him before-hand! If an acquaintance dropped in of an evening before supper, he would instantly, without saying a word, put on his hat, and go and order an extra supply of porter. He has done this for us a hundred times! Relics and keepsakes had no charm

for him! A traveller once brought him some acorns from an ilex that grew over the tomb of Virgil. He threw them at the hackney-coachmen as they passed by his window! And there is a story, that he once sat to an artist of his acquaintance for a whole series of the British Admirals; but for what publication we never heard!

But we are wandering from our object, which was simply to record, that, of all the men we ever knew, Charles Lamb was, in every respect, the most original, and had the kindest heart.

E. M.

January 27th, 1835.

## THE WEEK.

### BIRTH DAYS.

FEBRUARY 18, 1677. At Paris, son of the illustrious Cassini, the founder of a family of astronomers, Giacomo Cassini, an enricher of the science with many valuable discoveries. His death was of that unexpected sort, for a man of a long and peaceful life, which looks like a mockery of human calculations. He died of a fall, at the age of eighty.

— 19, 1564. At Pisa, or Florence, son of a noble Florentine, who was a scientific man also, and an accomplished musician, Galileo Galilei, the great precursor of Newton, and the greatest discoverer in mechanical geometry since the time of Archimedes. He rendered the discovery of the telescope applicable to astronomical purposes, brought geometry to the aid of the doctrine of motion, invented the pendulum, discovered the gravity of the air, the satellites of Jupiter, the inequalities of the surface of the moon, and established the Copernican and Pythagorean system of the universe, by proving that the earth moved round the sun. For this last discovery he was persecuted by the Jesuits, who, forgetting their own professions of being teachers, and idly subjecting the grandeur of the character of Scripture to literal interpretations of some of its texts, brought him under the tyranny of the Inquisition, by whom he was kept in qualified imprisonment for the remaining few years of his life, latterly at his own house. He was also sentenced to repeat the Seven Penitential Psalms every week for the space of three years; and it was suspected, from the state of his hands, that he had been put to the torture, and sworn not to reveal it. The writer of the present paragraph saw one of the fingers of these hands preserved under a glass case in the middle of the Laurentian library at Florence, pointing to heaven, and now almost an object of worship with the descendants of those by whom he was persecuted. It was during his confinement at his house that he was visited, among other celebrated travellers, by Milton; who describes him as suffering imprisonment “for thinking otherwise in astronomy than the Dominican friars.” The great poet's allusion to him in ‘Paradise Lost’ is well known: but it is as difficult not to quote it, as for a musician to see an organ open, and not touch the keys.

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superiour fiend  
Was moving towards the shore; his ponderous shield,  
Eth'ral temper, massy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast. The broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views  
At evening from the top of Fesolè,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.

Galileo, besides being a profound natural philosopher, was a general amateur of the fine arts, a musician, and a man of wit. He played beautifully on the lute; delighted in architecture, in painting, and in husbandry; had a taste for design; was the author of several facetious poems (gathered into the Italian collections); was a capital companion, full of ease and pleasantry; and, as might be expected from such a combination of the solid and airy, was an enthusiastic lover of Ariosto, and took his part in the famous critical dispute respecting the merits of that fine poet and those of the more artificial Tasso. His stature was small, but his aspect venerable.

Same day, 1732. At Trinity College, Cambridge,

under the roof of his maternal grandfather, Dr Bentley (the famous scholar), Richard Cumberland, the comic dramatist, son and grandson of a bishop. His comedies verge upon the sentimental and the ideal (Goldsmith calls them "Tragedy giving a rout"); but there is occasionally more force and vivacity than would be expected from a certain air of authority and pretension; and his 'West Indian,' which led the way to the romantic generosity of the young gentlemen in modern comedies, has some of the good-natured animal spirits of Hoadley. Mr Cumberland, among others not so good, wrote also a pleasant novel called 'Henry.' His poetry is unworthy the rest of his reputation. We remember seeing him, in his latter years, going along the street. His appearance was highly respectable and gentlemanly, with an earnest countenance. The portrait in his 'Memoirs' must have been very like him, at the time it was painted.

— 20, 1694. At Paris, the son of a notary, Marie Francis Aroutet de Voltaire, the most universal genius of the French nation. In the several departments of literature which he adorned, with the exception of that of wit and raillery, he was surpassed by many individuals; and in no one respect, perhaps, were his acuties of the very highest order, except as a detector of absurdity—and even in that respect his discrimination was not perfect, too often confounding the local and relative with the universal. In short, his philosophy was in no respect as deep as he and his friends supposed it. Yet, as a dramatist, he generally ranks as inferior only to Corneille and Racine; as an historian, his rank lies betwixt the two extremes of his idolators and his enemies, and has no mean place after all; he was one of the readiest and most elegant artificial poets, and writers of *vers de société*, that have appeared; he made his countrymen popularly acquainted with the progress of science and natural philosophy, especially the Newtonian; and, above all, he was a great puller down of superstition, and hastened those reformations in religion and government which will end in building up a far better system than he could anticipate, crowned with Christian aspirations of which he knew nothing, though he was a better Christian in some respects than he thought himself, being a very humane and public-spirited man—albeit irritable and vain-glorious. There was so little real poetry in him of a high order, which demands a thorough depth and sincerity of nature, that he wrote a scandalous poem on the subject of Joan of Arc, whom, as a great man, superior to the prejudices of all times, he ought to have held in reverence. This extraordinary individual—with a frame originally so weak that it was feared he would have died soon after his birth, and with a person always meagre and apparently fragile, but great animal spirits—lived to be upwards of eighty-five years of age, and is thought at last to have hastened his death by drinking too much coffee in order to keep himself on the alert for a new publication. He was the sayer of some of the most exquisite *bon-mots* on record, from among which we hastily give the first that comes to mind as a specimen. He was praising Haller, the German, to somebody, and the other saying that Haller by no means thought so well of him—"Ah," returned the ready old wit, "perhaps we are both of us mistaken." Perhaps Voltaire may be briefly and not unjustly characterized as the only man who ever obtained a place in the list of the great names of the earth by an aggregation of secondary abilities. He was the god of cleverness.

Same day, 1716. At Hereford, where his father, an officer in the army, was on a recruiting party, David Garrick, the most universal stage genius that has appeared in England. His family was of French origin, the grandfather, a merchant, having fled from the neighbouring country at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. It is, therefore, perhaps to French blood that we owe his excellence in the comic part of his genius: the tragic part England will claim for itself. We need not repeat here what has been said of him so often, and is still daily being said, in memoirs and stage-criticism. We doubt not, both from tradition, and from the

very objections made to his style by contemporaries who are noticed in the latest accounts of him, that he deserves almost all that has been said of him as a true actor, both in tragedy and comedy, and a restorer of nature to the stage; though we take leave to doubt, from what is known of his own nature and its predominant qualities, which were more lively than profound, that he was upon the whole inferior both in tragic depth, and in exquisiteness of poetical recitation (where the lines required it) to our late lamented Kean. Their very faces go to show the difference. They both had remarkably fine eyes, but the look of Garrick (you may see it in Reynolds's portrait) was the more sparkling; Kean's the more earnest and the more internal. Cumberland, in his autobiography, gives a lively specimen of Garrick's good-nature and love of admiration (a very pardonable thing in a player, especially one so flattered). The great actor was invited to a dinner party, where they missed him when the dinner came on table. On looking out of window, he was observed transporting a negro-boy by imitating a turkey-cock! whose airs, and gobbles, and sudden rushes, he so gave to the life, that the boy cried out in an ecstasy—"Do it again, Massa Garrick; do it again!" And Garrick did it again.

### ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

ORIGIN OF MALLET'S 'EDWIN AND EMMA.'

THIS touching ballad, the author of which had a genuine faculty for that sort of writing, far superior to what he probably thought his superior compositions, has been somewhat neutralized in its effect by its trite repetition from the pages of Enfield's 'Speaker;' though to complain of such results from those publications would be doing them great injustice—since you cannot at once make a good thing common, and yet expect it to retain, among its other beneficial consequences, a perpetual novelty. But grown people, when their attention is freshly excited, may read well-known productions with a new relish; and, in this hope, we have repeated the ballad, as well as the true story on which it is founded. Mallet's account of the heroine's death is not so affecting as the real circumstance—her suddenly screaming out, at hearing the death-bell of her lover, "that her heart was burst"—but it is not wanting in pathos, especially the first line; and there is a vein of natural elegance throughout the poem.

Could any of our friends oblige us with a copy of Mickle's ballad of "Cumnor Hall?" It is not to be found in the ordinary editions of his poems.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE CURATE OF BOWES, IN YORKSHIRE, TO MR COPPERTHWAIT, AT MARRICK.

"As to the affair mentioned in yours, it happened long before my time. I have, therefore, been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows:—

"The family name of the young man was Wrightson; of the young maiden, Railton. They were both much of the same age—that is, growing up to twenty. In their birth there was no disparity: but in fortune, alas! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his fortune acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son should marry suitably. But, as 'amor vincit omnia,' his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter, Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt; for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, 'that blood was nothing without groats.'

"The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove Tuesday, and died the Sunday seven-night after.

"On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But

her daughter Hannah lay at his back, to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

"At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

"The then curate of Bowes\* inserted it in his register, that 'they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.'

"I am, dear Sir,  
"Yours, &c."

EDWIN AND EMMA.

Mark it, Cesario, it is true and plain;  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chant it. It is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love,  
Like the old age.—*Shakspeare's Twelfth Night.*

FAR in the windings of a vale,  
Fast by a sheltering wood,  
The safe retreat of health and peace,  
An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous Emma flourished fair,  
Beneath a mother's eye;  
Whose only wish on earth was now  
To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads  
Gave colour to her cheek:  
Such orient colour smiles through heaven,  
When vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn  
This charmer of the plains:  
That sun, who bids their diamonds blaze,  
To paint our lily deigns.

Long had she filled each youth with love,  
Each maiden with despair;  
And though by all a wonder owned,  
Yet knew not she was fair;

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,  
A soul devoid of art;  
And from whose eye, serenely mild,  
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught—  
Was quickly, too, revealed;  
For neither bosom lodged a wish  
That virtue keeps concealed.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss  
Did love on both bestow!  
But bliss too mighty long to last,  
Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister—who, like envy form'd,  
Like her in mischief joy'd—  
To work them harm, with wicked skill,  
Each darker art employ'd.

The father, too, a sordid man,  
Who love nor pity knew,  
Was all unfeeling as the clod  
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,  
And seen it long unmoved:  
Then with a father's frown at last  
Had sternly disapproved.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war  
Of differing passions strove:  
His heart, that durst not disobey,  
Yet could not cease to love.

Denied her sight, he oft behind  
The spreading hawthorn crept,  
To snatch a glance, to mark the spot  
Where Emma walked and wept.

\* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where, in former times, the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stanemore, which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout.—*Camb. Brit.*



Of too on Stanmore's wint'ry waste,  
Beneath the moonlight shade,  
In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,  
The midnight mourner strayed.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,  
A deadly pale o'ercast :  
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,  
Before the northern blast.

The parents now with late remorse,  
Hang o'er his dying bed,  
And weary heaven with fruitless vows,  
And fruitless sorrows shed.

'Tis past ! he cried—but if your souls  
Sweet mercy yet can move,  
Let these dim eyes once more behold,  
What they must ever love.

She came ; his cold hand softly touched,  
And bathed with many a tear :  
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale,  
So morning dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care,  
A cruel sister she !  
Forbade what Emma came to say ;  
" My Edwin, live for me ! "

Now homeward as she hopeless wept  
The church-yard path along,  
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd  
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,  
Her startling fancy found  
In every bush his hovering shade,  
His groan in every sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she passed  
The visionary vale—  
When lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,  
Sad sounding in the gale !

Just then she reached with trembling step,  
Her aged mother's door—  
He's gone, she cried ; and I shall see  
That angel-face no more.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart  
Beat high against my side—  
From her white arm down sunk her head ;  
She shivering sigh'd, and died.

## CHARACTERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

NO. VI.—ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

This is a very noble play. Though not in the first class of Shakspeare's productions, it stands next to them, and is, we think, the finest of his historical plays, that is, of those in which he made poetry the organ of history, and assumed a certain tone of character and sentiment, in conformity to known facts, instead of trusting to his observations of a general nature, or to the unlimited indulgence of his own fancy. What he has added to the history, is upon a par with it. His genius was, as it were, a match for history as well as nature, and could grapple at will with either. This play is full of that pervading comprehensive power by which the poet could always make himself master of time and circumstances. It presents a fine picture of Roman pride and Eastern magnificence : and in the struggle between the two, the empire of the world seems suspended, "like the swan's-down feather,

"That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines."

The characters breathe, move, and live. Shakspeare does not stand reasoning on what his characters would do or say, but at once becomes them, and speaks and acts for them. He does not present us with groups of stage-puppets or poetical machines making set speeches on human life, and acting from a calculation of ostensible motives, but he brings

living men and women on the scene, who speak and act from real feelings, according to the ebbs and flows of passion, without the least tincture of the pedantry of logic or rhetoric. Nothing is made out by inference and analogy, by climax and antithesis, but everything takes place just as it would have done in reality, according to the occasion.—The character of Cleopatra is a master-piece. What an extreme contrast it affords to Imogen ! One would think it almost impossible for the same person to have drawn both. She is voluptuous, ostentatious, conscious, boastful of her charms, haughty, tyrannical, fickle. The luxurious pomp and gorgeous extravagance of the Egyptian queen are displayed in all their force and lustre, as well as the irregular grandeur of the soul of Mark Antony. Take only the first four lines that they speak as an example of the regal style of love-making.

"CLEOPATRA. If it be love, indeed, tell me how much ?

ANTONY. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

CLEOPATRA. I'll set a bourn how far to be below'd.

ANTONY. Then must thou needs find out new heav'n, new earth."

The rich and poetical description of her person, beginning—

"The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burnt on the water ; the poop was beaten gold,  
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
The winds were love-sick"—

seems to prepare the way for, and almost to justify the subsequent infatuation of Antony when, in the sea-fight at Actium, he leaves the battle, and "like a doating mallard" follows her flying sails.

Few things in Shakspeare (and we know of nothing in any other author like them) have more of that local truth of imagination and character than the passage in which Cleopatra is represented conjecturing what were the employments of Antony in his absence. "He's speaking now, or murmuring—Where's my serpent of old Nile?" Or again, when she says to Antony, after the defeat at Actium, and his summoning up resolution to risk another fight—"It is my birth-day ; I had thought to have held it poor ; but since my lord is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra." Perhaps the finest burst of all is Antony's rage after his final defeat, when he comes in and surprises the messenger of Cæsar kissing her hand—

"To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, God quit you, be familiar with,  
My play-fellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts."

It is no wonder that he orders him to be whipped ; but his low condition is not the true reason : there is another feeling which lies deeper, though Antony's pride would not let him show it, except by his rage ; he suspects the fellow to be Cæsar's proxy.

Cleopatra's whole character is the triumph of the voluptuous, of the love of pleasure and the power of giving it, over every other consideration. Octavia is a dull foil to her, and Fulvia a shrew and shrill-tongued. What a picture do those lines give of her—

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom steal  
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies."

What a spirit and fire in her conversation with Antony's messenger who brings her the unwelcome news of his marriage with Octavia ! How all the pride of beauty and of high rank breaks out in her promised reward to him—

"There's gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss !"—

She had great and unpardonable faults, but the beauty of her death almost redeems them. She learns from the depth of despair the strength of her affections. She keeps her queen-like state in the last disgrace, and her sense of the pleasurable in the

last moments of her life. She tastes a luxury in death. After applying the asp, she says with fondness—

"Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep ?  
As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle.  
Oh, Antony !"

It is worth while to observe that Shakspeare has contrasted the extreme magnificence of the descriptions in this play with pictures of extreme suffering and physical horror, not less striking—partly perhaps to excuse the effeminacy of Mark Antony, to whom they are related as having happened, but more to preserve a certain balance of feeling in the mind. Cæsar says, hearing of his conduct at the court of Cleopatra,—

"Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once  
Wert beaten from Mutina, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer. Thou did'st drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle  
Which beast would cough at. Thy palate then  
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge,  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsed'st. On the Alps,  
It is reported, thou did'st eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on : and all this,  
It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not."

The passage after Antony's defeat by Augustus where he is made to say—

"Yes, yes ; he at Philippi kept  
His sword e'en like a dancer ; while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius, and 'twas I  
That the mad Brutus ended"—

is one of those fine retrospections which show us the winding and eventful march of human life. The jealous attention which has been paid to the unities both of time and place has taken away the principle of perspective in the drama, and all the interest which objects derive from distance, from contrast, from privation, from change of fortune, from long-cherished passion ; and contracts our view of life from a strange and romantic dream, long, obscure, and infinite, into a smartly contested, three hours' inaugural disputation on its merits by the different candidates for theatrical applause.

The latter scenes of 'Antony and Cleopatra' are full of the changes of accident and passion. Success and defeat follow one another with startling rapidity. Fortune sits upon her wheel more blind and giddy than usual. This precarious state and the approaching dissolution of his greatness are strikingly displayed in the dialogue between Antony and Eros:

"ANTONY. Eros, thou yet behold'st me?

EROS. Ay, noble lord.

ANTONY. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish,

A vapour sometime, like a bear or lion,  
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world  
And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen  
these signs.

They are black vesper's pageants.

EROS. Ay, my lord.

ANTONY. That which is now a horse, even with  
a thought

The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct

As water is in water.

EROS. It does, my lord.

ANTONY. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is

Even such a body," &c.

This is, without doubt, one of the finest pieces of poetry in Shakspeare. The splendour of the imagery,

The semblance of reality, the lofty range of picturesque objects hanging over the world, their evanescent nature, the total uncertainty of what is left behind, are just like the mouldering schemes of human greatness. It is finer than Cleopatra's passionate lamentation over his fallen grandeur, because it is more dim, unstable, unsubstantial. Antony's headstrong presumption and infatuated determination to yield to Cleopatra's wishes to fight by sea instead of land, meet a merited punishment; and the extravagance of his resolutions, increasing with the despatch of his circumstances, is well commented upon by Cæsar.

"I see men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward  
Do draw the inward quality after them  
To suffer all alike."

The repentance of Cæsar after his treachery to his master is the most affecting part of the play. He cannot recover from the blow which Antony's generosity gives him, and he dies broken-hearted "a master-leaver and a fugitive."

Shakspeare's genius has spread over the whole play a richness like the overflowing of the Nile.

### THE LADY'S FAREWELL TO THE FALSE KNIGHT.

Farewelle, Syr Knyghte, but thyncke not sorrowe  
For thy false vowe, wille dwelle wyth mee,  
For ere the dawninge of to-morrowe,  
Wille banishe ev'rye thoughte of thee.

Lette others waile a broken vowe,  
And shunne delighe to courte despaire,  
I deeme suche fickle thyng as thou,  
Not worthe the shedyng of a teare.

I wille not weepe in lonely towre,  
I'lle twine freshe flouretts in mie hayre,  
And hastene the to lighted bowre,  
And bee the verie gayest there.

My voyce the foremoste in the songe  
When mynstrelle straynes the sowle entraunce,  
My foote the lighteste in the thronge,  
That defilie tryppe in merye daunce.

For there be knyghtes as brave as thou,  
As gallantlie in masque who shyne,  
And manie a harte I weene whose vowe,  
Wille prove at leaste as true as thine.

I thanke thee, too, for, by mie trothe,  
Two lessones have I learned from thee—  
The value of a lover's oathe,  
The lengthe of Love's eternitie!

M.

### SPECIMENS OF WIT, HUMOUR, AND CRITICISM OF CHARLES LAMB.

No. II.

THE SOUTH-SEA HOUSE.

READERS, in thy passage from the Bank, where thou hast been receiving thy half-yearly dividends (supposing thou art a lean annuitant like myself), to the 'Flower Pot,' to secure a place for Dalston, or Shacklewel, or some other thy suburban retreat northerly, didst thou never observe a melancholy-looking, handsome, brick and stone edifice, to the left, where Threadneedle street abuts upon Bishopsgate? I dare say thou hast often admired its magnificent portals, ever gaping wide, and disclosing to view a grave court, with cloisters, and pillars, with few or no traces of goes-in or comes-out—a desolation something like Balclutha's.\*

This was once a house of trade, a centre of busy interests; the throng of merchants was here—the quick pulse of gain; and here some forms of business are still kept, though the soul be long since fled. Here are still to be seen stately porticos; imposing staircases; offices roomy as the state apartment in palaces—deserted, or thinly peopled with a

\* Inspired by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate. OMBRA.

few straggling clerks; the still more sacred interiors of court and committee-rooms, with venerable faces of beadles, door-keepers—directors, seated in form, on solemn days (to proclaim a dead dividend), at long worm-eaten tables that have been mahogany, with tarnished gilt-leather coverings, supporting many silver inkstands long since dry;—the oaken wainscot hung with pictures of deceased governors and sub-governors of Queen Anne and the two first monarchs of the Brunswick dynasty;—huge charts, which subsequent discoveries have antiquated;—dusty maps of Mexico, dim as dreams;—and soundings of the Bay of Panama!—The long passages hung with buckets, appended, in idle row, to walls, where substance might defy any, short of the last, conflagration:—with vast ranges of cellars under all, where dollars and pieces of eight once lay, an "unsunned heap," for Mammon to have solaced his solitary heart withal,—long since dissipated, or scattered into air at the blast of the breaking of that famous BUBBLE.

Such is the South-Sea House. At least, such it was forty years ago, when I knew it,—a magnificent relic! What alterations may have been made in it since, I have had no opportunities of verifying. Time, I take for granted, has not freshened it. No wind has resuscitated the face of the sleeping waters. A thicker crust by this time stagnates upon it. The moths, that were then battenning upon its obsolete ledgers and day-books, have rested from their depredations, but other light generations have succeeded, making fine fretwork among their single and double entries. Layers of dust have accumulated (a superfection of dirt!) upon the old layers, that seldom used to be disturbed, save by some curious finger, now and then, inquisitive to explore the mode of book-keeping in Queen Anne's reign; or, with less hallowed curiosity, seeking to unveil some of the mysteries of that tremendous HOAX, whose extent the petty speculators of our day look back upon with the same expression of incredulous admiration, and hopeless ambition of rivalry, as would become the puny face of modern conspiracy, contemplating the Titan size of Vaux's superhuman plot.

Peace to the manes of the BUBBLE! silence and destitution are upon thy walls, proud house, for a memorial!

Situated as thou art, in the very heart of stirring and living commerce;—amid the fret and fever of speculation,—with the Bank and the 'Change and the India House about thee, in the hey-day of present prosperity, with their important faces, as it were, insulting thee, their *poor neighbour out of business*,—to the idle and merely contemplative,—to such as me, old house! there is a charm in thy quiet,—a cessation—a coolness from business—an indolence almost cloistral—which is delightful! With what reverence have I paced thy great bare rooms and courts at eventide! They spoke of the past:—the shades of some dead accountant, with visionary pen in ear, would flit by me, stiff as in life. Living accounts and accountants puzzle me. I have no skill in figuring; but thy great dead tomes, which scarce three degenerate clerks of the present day could lift from their enshrining shelves, with their old fantastic flourishes, and decorative rubric interlacings—their sums in triple columniations, set down with formal superfluity of cyphers, with pious sentences at the beginning, without which our religious ancestors never ventured to open a book of business, or bill of lading—the costly vellum covers of some of them almost persuading us that we are got into some *better library*—are very agreeable and edifying spectacles. I can look upon these defunct dragons with complacency. Thy heavy odd-shaped ivory-handled penknives (our ancestors had everything on a larger scale than we have hearts for) are as good as anything from Herclæneum. The pounce boxes of our days have gone retrograde.

The very clerks which I remember in the South-Sea House—I speak of forty years back—had an air very different from those in the public offices that I have had to do with since. They partook of the genius of the place!

They were mostly (for the establishment did not admit of superfluous salaries) bachelors. Generally (for they had not much to do) persons of a curious and speculative turn of mind. Old-fashioned, for a reason mentioned before. Humorists, for they were of all descriptions; and, not having been brought together in early life (which has a tendency to assimilate the members of corporate bodies to each other), but, for the most part, placed in this house in ripe or middle age, they necessarily carried into it their separate habits and oddities, unqualified, if I may so speak, as into a common stock. Hence they formed a sort of Noah's ark. Odd fishes. A lay-monastery. Domestic retainers in a great house, kept more for show than use. Yet pleasant fellows, full of chat—and not a few among them had arrived at considerable proficiency on the German flute.

The cashier at that time was one Evans, a Cambro-Briton. He had something of the choleric complexion of his countrymen stamped on his visage, but was a worthy sensible man at bottom. He wore his hair, to the last, powdered and frizzed out, in the fashion which I remember to have seen in caricatures of what were termed, in my young days, *Maccaronies*. He was the last of that race of beaux. Melancholy as a gib-cat over his counter all the forenoon, I think I see him, making up his cash (as they call it) with tremulous fingers, as if he feared everyone about him was a defaulter; in his hypochondry ready to imagine himself one; haunted, at least, with the idea of the possibility of his becoming one: his trifling visage clearing up a little over his roast neck of veal at Anderton's at two (where his picture still hangs, taken a little before his death by desire of the master of the coffee-house, which he had frequented for the last five-and-twenty years), but not attaining the meridian of its animation till evening brought on the hour of tea and visiting. The simultaneous sound of his well-known rap at the door with the stroke of the clock announcing six, was a topic of never-failing mirth in the families which this dear old bachelor gladdened with his presence. Then was his *forte*, his glorified hour! How would he chirp and expand over a muffin! How would he dilate into secret history! His countryman, Pennant himself, in particular, could not be more eloquent than he in relation to old and new London—the site of old theatres, churches, streets, gone to decay—where Rosamond's Pond stood—the Mulberry-gardens—and the Conduit in Cheap—with many a pleasant anecdote, derived from paternal tradition, of those grotesque figures which Hogarth has immortalized in his picture of 'Noon,'—the worthy descendants of those heroic confessors, who, flying to this country, from the wrath of Louis the Fourteenth and his dragons, kept alive the flame of pure religion in the sheltering obscurities of Hog-lane, and the vicinity of the Seven Dials?

Deputy, under Evans, was Thomas Tame. He had the air and stoop of a nobleman. You would have taken him for one, had you met him in one of the passages leading to Westminster-hall. By stoop, I mean that gentle bending of the body forwards, which, in great men, must be supposed to be the effect of an habitual condescending attention to the applications of their inferiors. While he held you in converse, you felt strained to the height in the colloquy. The conference over, you were at leisure to smile at the comparative insignificance of the pretensions which had just awed you. His intellect was of the shallowest order. It did not reach to a saw or a proverb. His mind was in its original state of white paper. A sucking babe might have posed him. What was it then? Was he rich? Alas, no! Thomas Tame was very poor. Both he and his wife looked outwardly gentlefolks, when I fear all was not well at all times within. She had a neat meagre person, which it was evident she had not sinned in over-pampering; but in its veins was noble blood. She traced her descent by some labyrinth of relationship, which I never thoroughly understood,—much less can explain with any heraldic certainty at this time of day,—to the illustrious, but unfortunate house of Derwentwater. This was the secret of Thomas's stoop. This was the thought—the sentiment—the



height solitary star of your lives—ye mild and happy pair—which cheered you in the night of intellect, and in the obscurity of your station! This was to you instead of riches, instead of rank, instead of glittering attainments: and it was worth them all together. You insulted none with it; but, while you wore it as a piece of defensive armour only, no insult likewise would reach you through it. *Decus et solamen.*

Of quite another stamp was the then accountant, John Tipp. He neither pretended to high blood, nor in good truth cared one fig about the matter. He "thought an accountant the greatest character in the world, and himself the greatest accountant in it." Yet John was not without his hobby. The fiddle relieved his vacant hours. He sang certainly, with other notes than to the Orphean lyre. He did, indeed, scream and scrape most abominably. His fine suit of official rooms in Threadneedle street, which without anything very substantial appended to them were enough to enlarge a man's notions of himself that lived in them (I know not who is the occupier of them now), resounded fortnightly to the notes of a concert of "sweet breasts," as our ancestors would have called them, culled from club-rooms and orchestras—chorus singers—first and second violoncellos—double basses—and clarionets—who ate his cold mutton, and drank his punch, and praised his ear. He sate like Lord Midas among them. But at the desk Tipp was quite another sort of creature. Thence all ideas that were purely ornamental were vanished. You could not speak of anything romantic without rebuke. Politics were excluded. A newspaper was thought too refined and abstracted;—the whole duty of man consisted in writing off dividends warrants. The striking of the annual balance in the company's books (which perhaps differed from the balance of last year in the sum of 25*l.* 6*s.* 6*d.*) occupied his days and nights for a month previous. Not that Tipp was blind to the deadness of things (as they call them in the city) in his beloved house, or did not sigh for a return of the old stirring days when South-Sea hopes were young—he was indeed equal to the wielding of any the most intricate accounts of the most flourishing company in these or those days: but to a genuine accountant the difference of proceeds is as nothing. The fractional farthing is as dear to his heart as the thousands which stand before it. He is the true actor, who, whether his part be a prince or a peasant, must act it with like intensity. With Tipp form was everything. His life was formal. His actions seemed ruled with a ruler. His pen was not less erring than his heart. He made the best executor in the world: he was plagued with incessant executorships accordingly, which excited his spleen and soothed his vanity in equal ratios. He would swear (for Tipp swore) at the little orphans, whose rights he would guard with a tenacity like the grasp of the dying hand that commended their interests to his protection. With all this there was about him a sort of timidity—(his few enemies used to give it a worse name)—a something which, in reference to the dead, we will place, if you please, a little on this side of the heroic. Nature certainly had been pleased to endow John Tipp with a sufficient measure of the principle of self-preservation. There is a cowardice which we do not despise, because it has nothing base or treacherous in its elements; it betrays itself, not you: it is mere temperament; the absence of the romantic and the enterprising; it sees a lion in the way, and will not, with Fortinbras, "greatly find quarrel in a straw," when some supposed honour is at stake. Tipp never mounted the box of a stage-coach in his life; or leaned against the rails of a balcony; or walked upon the ridge of a parapet; or looked down a precipice; or let off a gun; or went upon a water-party; or would willingly let you go if he could have helped it: neither was it recorded of him, that for lucre, or for intimidation, he ever forsook friend or principle.

Whom next shall we summon from the dusty dead, in whom common qualities become uncommon? Can I forget thee, Henry Man, the wit, the polished man of letters, the author of the 'South-Sea House?'

who never enteredst thy office in a morning, or quittedst it in mid-day—(what didst thou in an office?)—without some quirk that left a sting! Thy gibes and thy jokes are now extinct, or survive but in two forgotten volumes, which I had the good fortune to rescue from a stall in Barbican not three days ago, and found thee terse, fresh, epigrammatic, as alive. Thy wit is a little gone by in these fastidious days! thy topics are staled by the "new-born gauds" of the time—but great thou used to be in Public Ledgers and in Chronicles, upon Chatham, and Shelburne, and Rockingham, and Howe, and Burgoyne, and Clinton, and the war which ended in the tearing from Great Britain her rebellious colonies,—and Keppel, and Wilkes, and Sawbridge, and Bull, and Dunning, and Pratt, and Richmond,—and such small politics.

A little less facetious and a great deal more obstreperous, was fine rattling, rattle-headed Plumer. He was descended,—not in a right line, reader, (for his lineal pretensions, like his personal, favoured a little of the sinister bend) from the Plumers of Hertfordshire. So tradition gave him out; and certain family features not a little sanctioned the opinion. Certainly, old Walter Plumer (his reputed author) had been a rake in his days, and visited much in Italy, and had seen the world. He was uncle, bachelor-uncle, to the fine old whig still living, who has represented the county in so many successive Parliaments, and has a fine old mansion near Ware. Walter flourished in George the Second's days, and was the same who was summoned before the House of Commons about a business of franks with the old Duchess of Marlborough. You may read of it in Johnson's 'Life of Cave.' Cave came off cleverly in that business. It is certain our Plumer did nothing to discountenance the rumour. He rather seemed pleased whenever it was, with all gentleness, insinuated. But, besides his family pretensions, Plumer was an engaging fellow, and sang gloriously.—

Not so sweetly sang Plumer as thou sangest, mild, child-like, pastoral M—, a flute's breathing less divinely whispering than thy Arcadian melodies, when, in tones worthy of Arden, thou didst chant that song sung by Amiens to the banished Duke, which proclaims the winter wind more lenient than for a man to be ungrateful. Thy sire was old surly, M—, the unapproachable churchwarden of Bishops-gate. He knew not what he did when he begat thee, like spring, gentle offspring of blustering winter;—only unfortunate in thy ending, which should have been mild, conciliatory, swan-like.—

Much remains to sing. Many fantastic shapes rise up, but they must be mine in private: already I have fooled the reader to the top of his bent;—else could I omit that strange creature, Woollett, who existed in trying the question, and bought litigations? and still stranger, inimitable, solemn Hepworth, from whose gravity Newton might have deduced the law of gravitation. How profoundly would he nib a pen—with what deliberation would he wet a wafer!—

But it is time to close—night's wheels are rattling fast over me—it is proper to have done with this solemn mockery.

Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while?—peradventure the very names which I have summoned up before thee are fantastic—insubstantial—like Henry Pimpnel, and Old John Naps of Greece:—

Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.

#### THE DOCTRINE OF THE BELOVED DISCIPLE.

Some time before St John's decease he was so enfeebled with old age as to be obliged to be carried into the different churches; and being unable to deliver any long discourse, his custom was to say on these occasions, "My dear children, love one another." On being asked why he told them only one thing, he answered, "Nothing else is needed."—*Cor's Lives of the Fathers.*

#### FINE ARTS.

*A Review of the Lives and Works of some of the most Eminent Painters, with Remarks on the Opinions and Statements of former writers.* By C. J. Nieuwenhuys. Hooper. 1835.

MR NIEUWENHUYTS has prefixed a title-page to his work, that rather misleads one as to its real nature; it would lead us to imagine the book to be a work of biographical criticism: it is, however, more properly a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the pictures which have, at one time or another, been in the possession of Mr Nieuwenhuys, enriched with such biographical scraps and anecdotes as he has met with in the course of his very extensive business as a picture-dealer,—at least, such is what we gather from the book itself. Mr Nieuwenhuys's criticism is chiefly composed of all the standard opinions and truisms current in the profession; not that we imagine him to be deficient in genuine taste; but his feeling and knowledge in the art would appear to be greater than his power of expressing or analysing it. The critical portion of the work therefore is deficient both in novelty and in that mastery over the theoretical as well as the practical, which is requisite in a critic.

He writes, however, with a true love of his subject; he describes all the pictures he mentions,—he has collected all he can about them,—and about the painters; and appears to have the same sort of interest in pictures, that a schoolmaster has in his boys; he lives by them and in them, he talks of them, has them about him; and, even after they have left him, appears to keep his eye upon them, wherever they go, with an affectionate solicitude for their safety, and a pride in their fame.

The descriptions which abound in the work are pleasing from the beauty of the subjects, and the *gusto* with which they are written; the anecdotes, scattered over it, are many of them new, exceedingly pleasant, and told in a straightforward, gossiping sort of style, the very best the author could have adopted. Mr Nieuwenhuys should have written it all in this way, and made it a memoir of his adventures as a dealer in pictures; he should have told us all about them—the places he found them in, the people who possessed them, their condition, and more about the prices they have fetched at different times.

At the beginning of the book is a fragmentary memoir of Rembrandt, the materials for which the author was at some pains to pick up at Amsterdam. We would extract a list of Rembrandt's effects, which were seized when he was insolvent, but it is too long for our columns. The linen at the wash is one of the articles set down. Rembrandt however did not die in poverty, though he appears never to have been rich. We shall conclude with one or two extracts—specimens of the anecdotes—sprinkled over the work.

"With regard to the date of Rembrandt's birth, we have no other authority than that of Houbraken, who mentions that the year 1606, which was particularly fertile in excellent artists, gave birth also to Rembrandt Van Ryn on the 15th of December, in the neighbourhood of Leyden. He was the only child of Herman Gerritzen Van Ryn and Neeltje Willems Van Zuitbroek, who possessed the corn-mill which was situated between Leyerderp and Kowkerk. From this humble habitation rose one of the greatest men which the genius of the art ever nursed. His parents observing his early inclinations for study, did not neglect the cultivation of his mind, and for that purpose they resolved to send him to the Latin school at Leyden, in order to bring him up to a learned profession; but his predominating taste for painting caused them to alter their views, and place him with Jacob Irakzen Van Zwamenborg, who instructed him in the rudiments of his art during three years that he remained with him. From this period Houbraken is in doubt who was his principal master, for he informs us that he passed six months with P. Lastman at Amsterdam. \* \* \* His remarkable progress, however, attracted the attention of many amateurs, for he was assured by Houbraken that, about that period, he sold one of his pictures to a gentleman at the Hague for one hundred guilders,

which was a tolerably large price at that time. He was so satisfied with the remuneration, that he resolved not to return home on foot—the mode of travelling by which he had reached the Hague—but departed in the diligence, elated with joy at being able to announce the good news to his parents. Fearing to lose his money, he would not descend from the vehicle when the passengers stopped on the road to take refreshments, but remained alone in the coach, when the horses, being left free, took fright and ran away to Leyden, and on his alighting at the inn where the animals were accustomed to stop daily, everyone was astonished that young Rembrandt, travelling without a coachman, had arrived in safety. Declining to give any explanation of what had happened, he left the coach and hastened to his father's habitation, which was situated at a short distance from the city.—P. 5.

"Rubens, being constantly occupied throughout the day, sought the recreation of a walk almost every evening; during this absence, his scholars never omitted the opportunity of viewing the progress he had made in the course of the day, which the old servant of Rubens, named Valveen, enabled them to do, with the understanding of his receiving some emolument from the young men for the permission: this was annually given. By these means they had the advantage of studying the way in which their master prepared his works and his manner of finishing them. On one occasion, the young artists were so eager to view the progress of a picture, that, in pressing forward for closer examination, they pushed Diepenbreck against the painting, when part of the arm and the face, which Rubens had just finished, were unfortunately much injured. The greatest consternation seized them, and, dreading the displeasure of their master, John Van Hoeck, with admirable presence of mind, said, "My dear comrade, there is not a moment to be lost; by some means we must endeavour to repair this unlucky accident; we have still three hours left; the most able among us must take the palette, and strive to do his best. For my part, I vote that Van Dyck undertake it; for he is the only one likely to succeed. This was instantly and unanimously approved of. Van Dyck, the only one diffident of his own success, took the pencil with fear and hesitation, but restored the injured parts so inimitably that several writers state even Rubens, on seeing his picture the following day, observed, in the presence of some of his pupils, "This arm and face (alluding to those repainted by Van Dyck) are not the worst part of my performance yesterday." The anecdote may be true; but that Rubens should have taken Van Dyck's work for his own appears to me a matter of doubt. I am more inclined to believe that, having received information of the circumstance, and admiring the talent displayed by Van Dyck, he took this delicate method of complimenting his gifted scholar."—P. 103.

"Van Dyck having determined on visiting England, resolved to take Haarlem in his way, that he might introduce him to Hals, and prevail upon him, if possible, to accompany him on his voyage. Having arrived at Haarlem, and found the dwelling of the painter, he learnt he was at the tavern, and despatched a message there to inform him that a person was waiting to have his portrait taken. On this, Hals immediately returned home, when Van Dyck observed that he was a stranger remaining but a short time in the city, and could not spare more than a couple of hours to sit for his picture. "That will be quite enough," answered Hals, and taking the first canvass that came in his way, began his task with such spirit, that before the time agreed on had elapsed, he requested the stranger to see how he had proceeded with his work. The sitter experienced great satisfaction, and was astonished in how short a period he had produced so exact a likeness. "In truth," continued he, "painting appears to me a very easy matter—I have a strong desire to try if I can take your portrait; do me the favour of taking my place." Hals, surprised, sat down, without well comprehending his meaning; he soon discovered, however, that the stranger was not a novice in the use of the palette,

and in anxious expectation awaited the completion of the performance. On viewing it he was overcome with joy; "You are Van Dyck," cried he, embracing him, "for he alone is capable of painting thus;" and the two artists formed a friendship under the singular circumstance above related; but Van Dyck was unable to prevail on the painter to follow him to England, Hals declaring he was too happy among his friends at Haarlem to quit them; that ambition had no charms to repay him for their loss; and that he desired no other lot than what it had been his fortune to enjoy there."—P. 103.

#### MARY.

I watched thy fairy form in infancy  
Expand in beauty 'neath a mother's eye;  
I dreamed not then that thou couldst ever be  
Aught but a child to me.

I mind, of old, in the long summer day,  
I loved to see thee at thy childish play:  
A spell of deeper yet of gentler power  
Came with a future hour.

I watched the bud unfolding, day by day,  
Unconsciously, till it became the flower;  
I knew, then, thou wert altered; and I knew  
That I was altered too.

I loved thee! ere I knew it, friendship grew  
A name too cold—a holier radiance threw  
Its influence o'er the altar of my heart  
Love only could impart.

I loved thee!—long concealed within my breast,  
(Like miser's gold, disturbing all his rest)  
The secret lay—twas whispered only when  
I knew I was beloved again.

Glasgow.

ALFRED.

#### TABLE TALK.

THE "DEAR INVALID." AFFECTIONS OF AN OLD WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

My aunt had made a party to go and visit Madame du Deffaud with Madame de Bourbon Busset, and they expected to find her unhappy, as Monsieur de Pont de Verle was dying, and he had been for twelve or fifteen years in her good graces. After the first compliments were over, Madame de Bourbon Busset, who always acted the part of a woman of great feelings, asked her after the dear invalid. "Ah, heavens! I was thinking of that," said the old marquise directly, "but I have only one footman here at present, and I was going to send one of my women to inquire after him."—"Madame, it rains in torrents," replied the other, "and I beg you will let her go in my carriage."—"Ah! you are too good. I thank you," replied the marquise, with a delighted air of courtesy. "Annette," she said, to a femme-de-chambre, who answered the bell, "go and inquire after our poor invalid. The Comtesse de Bourbon Busset will allow you to go in her carriage on account of the rain. You will tell her servants this, and, of course, you will not allow either of her footmen to take the trouble of going with you."—"I am very grateful, and much affected by your kind interest in my favourite," she added; "he is very amiable, clever, lively, tender, and affectionate. You doubtless know it was Madame de Châtelet who procured him for me." The two friends looked at each other, and did not dare to reply to such ill-timed words and confidence. The carriage returns. "Well, how did you find him?"—"As well, madame, as possible."—"Did he eat to-day?"—"He wished to amuse himself by biting an old shoe, but Monsieur de Lyonnais would not allow it."—"What an odd fancy for an invalid," said my aunt. "Does he walk now?" replied the marquise. "Ah, that I cannot say, madame, for he was rolled round; but I saw to-day that he knew me, for he wagged his tail!"—"Monsieur de Pont de Verle!" said her visitors. "No, no, it is my little dog I am speaking of; but," added she, addressing her servant in a harsh and cross tone, "you must not forget to send and inquire after

the Chevalier de Pont de Verle."—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Créquy.*—[It is to be recollected, however, that Madame du Deffaud was an object of envy for her wit, and her powers of conversation; and these jokes, however good, may have been inventions.]

#### A HOUSE FULL OF NOBLESSE.

My father ordered me some jam and bread, and then we set off from the Hotel de Breteuil, which was, and is still, opposite to the garden of the Tuilleries, a situation that seemed to me so enchanting, that I screamed with joy, which made them say that I was as natural as possible. This pretty house is composed, as you know, but of seven or eight rooms on each story, but all these rooms are decorated and gilded with the greatest richness, and this is the way the apartments were distributed between the Breteuils. The Marquise de Breteuil Sainte Croix occupied the same ground floor, of which she had reserved two or three rooms for her mother the Marechale de Thomonde, who was maid of honour to the Queen of England (James the Second's wife) and elder sister of the Marechale de Berwick. The mother and daughter had a magnificent lodging in the new castle at Saint Germain's, and the one she gave them at the Hotel de Breteuil was only as a resting place at Paris. My aunt, the Baronne de Breteuille Preilly, lived in the first story of her hotel with her husband, whose library had usurped three rooms. The second was occupied only by the Dowager Comtesse de Breteuil Charmeaux, my other aunt, who was the elder sister of the baronne, and one of the Fronlays by birth, as well as her sister and me. She would not share her beautiful apartments with anyone, and always thought that the Breteuils did not do enough for her. The third story was inhabited by the Commandeur de Breteuil Chanteclér, who gave a lodging to the Bishop de Rennes (Messire Auguste de Breteuil Conty) whenever this one thought to have business at Paris, which did not fail to happen often. My aunt's five children occupied the fourth story, and my cousin Emily, who was afterwards the Marquise de Châtelet (Voltaire's friend), was obliged to give me up her apartment, which looked on the Tuilleries. They changed hers into three little rooms, which looked upon the rue Dauphine, and this (*en passant* be it said) she never forgave me.—*Memoirs of the Marchioness de Créquy.*—[Emily's non-forgiveness of her cousin may have been a figment of the marchioness's brain. People of an ill-regulated temper, or breeding, are continually mistaking the fancies of their own egotism for facts, to another person's disadvantage.]

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. B. on 'Education' will have been read, before this notice appears in print; and the result shall be known next week.

The same of the article intitled 'How are we to get happily married?'

A notice of the pencilled article on 'Music' we keep for some remarks, which we propose to write on that subject in the course of a week or two.

The letter of G. H. L. has highly gratified us: but he forgets that we were enumerating specimens of clerical excellence alone, and not laical.

The manuscripts of our estimable and most considerate friend G. F. will have been forwarded as he desires, with many thanks and much real penitence.

ALFRED the first opportunity.

The Editor feels great interest in the biography that has been sent him, translated from the German, and intitled 'Heinrich Stilling'; and next week hopes to give the result of its perusal.

We will see if we cannot "get up" an article on our old friends the 'Gypsies,' agreeably to the wishes of J. S.

LONDON: Published by H. HOOPER, Pall Mall East, and supplied to Country Agents by C. KNIGHT, Ludgate-street.

From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney-street.